

All's Fair In Love And Death

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Summary: "Fred Weasley I'm arresting you for the murder of Hermione Granger." If red didn't kill her then who did? Please read I suck at summaries.

All's Fair In Love And Death

****Hi guys! This is my first Fremione fic so Read and Review please.
xx****

****Chapter 1****

"What do you mean you're leaving me? You can't go Hermione! I won't let you!"

Hermione stood at the door to their flat with her bags. She had packed them earlier whilst he was at work, and told him as soon as he come in. It had been a good idea at the time. Breaking up with him. It wasn't the fact she loved him. No, Hermione hadn't loved him in a long time. It was the fact that he had a temper, and sometimes he could get angry. And it wasn't really her fault if he stayed out most nights – "probably with other women- and when he did come home it was always late, and he was always drunk. And if his favourite football team lost a match he wasn't the happiest of people.

"Well I-I've," Hermione paused, thinking of the right words to say, "I've met someone else. We've been seeing each other for a while now."

He didn't say anything, just stared at her.

"And I don't even know that much about you. I don't know about your family or your job, your friends. Hell, I don't even know your last name!" she shouted.

It was true. He never spoke about himself. What he did. Where he grew up. If he had brothers or sisters. He told her nothing. Whenever she

did ask him about himself he directed the question towards her and Hermione stopped her questioning. She knew she should have never have moved in with him, after all was he not the kind of people her teachers and parents warned her about when she was a child? But when they first met he had been so sweet and kind, he was the type of man Hermione used to daydream about in school after she finished her work. Tall, muscular, handsome. The type of man that made her believe chivalry was not dead.

That had all changed not long after she moved in with him. For a short while everything was perfect. They laughed and joked together, snuggled up on the couch and watched television together, but in hindsight she realised that the jokes were always at her expense and whenever he hugged her it was always a little too tight and a little too rough and a little bit harsh. Looking back she realised their relationship was a tragedy from the beginning, but she was too in love to see that, or she at least she thought she was.

"You cheated on me," he said, his voice was just above a whisper, as he ran his fingers through his hair, "You fucking cheated on me! Who is he?"

Tears were starting to form in her eyes, "Who he is is none of your business."

"You fucked him didn't you? Well did you? DID YOU FUCK HIM?"

He smashed his fist into Hermione's left temple knocking her to the floor, and once she was down kicked her several times in the stomach, hard.

"Stop," she choked out between sobs, "please stop!"

He stopped kicking her and walked out of the flat, slamming the door behind him.

Hermione took her chance to leave. Grabbing her jacket and bags she walked out not bothering to lock the door behind her, what did she care if someone walked in, it wasn't her home any more. Anything she left could be replaced and it wasn't as if she was broke, she earned enough money as a lawyer anyway.

â€" **LINE BREAK â€"**

Hermione's phone went off as she was walking out of the flat and down the street. It wasn't a number she recognised.

"Hello?" she answered nervously.

_"_Hello. Hi is this Hermione Granger?" _the caller end asked her.

Hermione recognised the voice, "Fred? Is that you?"

The person chuckled, _"Eh, no sorry. Not Fred. I'm his twin brother George."_

She smiled at Fred's joke, it was one he made often, "Yeah, and did I mention that look just like Aphrodite?"

He laughed, _"Don't doubt it love but I'm really George. Fred's twin," _oh so he really did have a twin, _"but anyway, Freddie says your coming over."_

"Em yeah. Look is Fred there?" if this really was Fred's twin brother Hermione didn't want to talk to him for long.

_""He's in the shower, hey where are you and I'll pick you up."

_

Hermione didn't want to accept his offer but it was getting dark and her ribs hurt where she had been kicked, but it was Fred's brother â€" if it really wasn't him joking â€" so she figured she would be alright.

"You know where The Leaky Cauldron is?"

_""Yep stay there and I'll come get you," _he hung up the phone.

It didn't take long because five minutes later a blue Ford pulled up alongside the pavement and a tall man with ginger hair stepped out. Hermione recognised him immediately as Fred and began walking over to him. A grin spread over his face as he saw her.

"So you're Hermione then." It was more of a statement rather than a question.

"And then you must be George," she said sceptically, holding out her hand for him to shake.

He shook her hand, "the one and only, and definitely not Fred," he really didn't seem like Fred, but then again he always loved playing jokes on her, "you coming then?"

The car drive was fairly quiet until 'George' parked the car next to a block of flats, "Second floor number 12, here," he handed Hermione a set of keys.

"I don't understand, are you not coming in?"

"Can't sorry. Bill just texted, apparently he needs help dragging my little brothers drunken arse back home. Can you let Fred know." She nodded, "great. Thanks. I'll see you later."

** â€" ****LINE BREAK â€" **

The flat wasn't as messy as it usually was, Fred had probably tidied it.

"Fred?" Hermione shouted on him just in case he really did have a twin brother called George, she learned when she first met Fred not to take his jokes literally, "Fred are you there?"

"In the bathroom! I'll be out in a minuet."

And sure enough a minute later Fred stepped out of the bathroom, wearing a My Little Pony bathrobe.

"Hey Hermione," he said, "You're here early."

"George gave me a lift."

"Oh, um where is he?" he asked.

"He said something about Bill texting saying your little brothers drunk and needing to get home." She told him, "Fred. What in the world are you wearing?"

"Oh this old thing," he modelled the bathrobe for her, "this was birthday present from Ginny, and my other one's in the wash."

Hermione laughed and Fred gave her his 'I'm so done with you' face' before wrapping his arms around her and passionately kissing her.

End
file.